The Pretended

Prince of WALES's

LAMENTATION

FOR THE

Small Pox.

12. March. 1728.

CRuel Diſeaſe! Muſt *now* thy Spite be ſhewn
To hinder me from taking what's *my Own.*
When Great *Britannia's* Crown ſhould Grace my Head,
Muſt I by *Thee* be fetter'd to a Bed;
And all my Navy and my Army too
Balkt in the Plunder that they had in view!
In wounding me *thou* doſt whole *Brittain* wound,
For if the *Head* be tainted all's unſound.
Thus to be handl'd by thee---- when I bring,
To *Brittain True Religion*, and a *King*:
Two of the greateſt Bleſſings can be giv'n,
To *Paſſive Non-reſiſting* Souls, by Heav'n.
Thou *Proteſtant* Heretical Diſeaſe,
That Aims at murd'ring *ſuch* Deſigns as theſe.
Had the *Ca--tholick* Pox my Manhood ſeiz'd,
I would have born it, nay would have been pleas'd.
'Twould then be in my Power by Rubs and *Knocks*,
To make the Females *own me with a Pox.*

Could I their Favor to my Int'reſt win,
The other Sex muſt then of Courſe fall in.
What Streams of liquid Fire poſſeſs each Vein?
What ſtrange Chimera's joſtle in my Brain?
I feel a bloody Civil War within,
Nature the doubtful Conqueſt ſtrives to win.
Mercy Saint *Dominic*, * what's this? A Scout!
Nature prevails, and drives the Rebels out.
Victoria! Let the Prieſts *Te Deums* Sing,
May it good Fortune to my *Brittain* bring.
Juſt ſo my Enemies be driven thence,
By me their King their beſt and ſure Defence.
I Rave ---- *Saint George* my *ſailing* Name ſhall be ----
My *Bonny Scots* you have *Religion Free* ----
What's that great Royal Shade that meets my Eye,
The Jolly Queen of *Brittain*, Sir you Lie ----
The *Wind Stands Fair* ---- hoiſe Sail and bear away ----
A *Baſtard* ſo the pratling *Brittains* ſay:
Ha, ha, no matter I've the better luck ----
I'll Try the *Gallick* Virtues of this Tuck. *
Sa ſa --- She Tumbles from her Royal Throne,
Allons François 'tis done the Crowns my own.

* *Feeling one of the Puſtules of the Small Pox come out.*

* *The Sword preſented him by the French King.*

F I N I S.